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# THE TEMPLE OF DEATH, A POEM.

*Printed for the Author*  
*John C. Marquis of NORMANBY:*  
By the Right Honourable the  
Marquis of NORMANBY:  
A Translation out of French.

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With an ODE in Memory of Her late  
Majesty Queen MARY.

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By a Person of Quality.

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— — — Poema  
Est Pictura loquens.

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L O N D O N :  
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САНКТ  
ПЕТЕРБУРГ  
НОВАЯ  
ИМЕНИ

ХИЛИЯДА

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THE  
T E M P L E  
O F  
D E A T H.

N those cold Climates, where the Sun appears  
 Unwillingly, and hides his Face in Tears;  
 dreadful Vale lies in a Desart Isle,  
 which indulgent Heaven did never smile.  
 ere a thick Grove of Aged Cypreis Trees,  
 which none without an awful horror sees,  
 o its wither'd Arms, depriv'd of Leaves,  
 hole Flocks of ill-presaging Birds receives:  
 Sons are all the Plants the Soil will bear,  
 d Winter is the only Season there.  
 lions of Graves cover the spacious Field,  
 d Springs of Blood a thousand Rivers yield;  
 hose Streams opprest with Carcasses and Bones,  
 ead of gentle Murmurs, pour forth Groans.

Within this Vale a famous Temple stands,  
 as the World it self, which it commands:

Round is its Figure, and four Iron Gates  
 Divide Mankind, by order of the Fates.  
 There come in Couds, doom'd to one common Grave,  
 The Young, the old, the Monarch, and the Slave,  
 Old Age, and Pains, which Mankind most deplore,  
 Are faithful Keepers of those sacred Doors ;  
 All clad in mournful Blacks, which also load  
 The sacred Walls of this obscure Abode ;  
 And Tapers of a pitchy Substance made,  
 With Clouds of Smoak increase the dismal Shade.

A Monster, void of Reason and of Sight,  
 The Goddess is, who sways this Realm of Night.  
 Her Power extends o'er all Things that have Breath,  
 A cruel Tyrant, and her Name is *Death*.  
 The fairest Object of our wond'ring Eyes,  
 Was newly offer'd up her Sacrifice ;  
 The adjoining Places where the Altar stood,  
 Yet blushing with the fair *Almeria's* Blood.  
 When griev'd *Orontes*, whose unhappy Flame  
 Is known to all that e'er converse with Fame ;  
 His Mind possest by Fury and Despair,  
 Within the Sacred Temple made this Prayer :  
*Great Deity ! Who in thy Hands doſt bear*  
 That trusty Scepter, which poor Mortals fear ;  
 Who wanting Eyes, thy self respectest none,  
 And neither spares the Laurel, nor the Crown !  
 Oh thou, whom all Mankind in vain withstands !  
 Each of whose Blood must one day stain thy Hand

h thou, who every Eye which sees the Light,  
 otest again in an Eternal Night !  
 ave open thy Ears, and hearken to my Grief,  
 o which thy only Power can give Relief :  
 or come not hither to prolong my Fate,  
 t wish my wretched Life a shorter Date ;  
 nd that the Earth would in its Bowels hide  
 Wretch, whom Heaven invades on every side :  
 hat from the sight of Day I could remove,  
 d might have nothing left me but my Love.  
 ou only Comforter of Minds opprest,  
 e Port, where wearied Spirits are at Rest ;  
 onductor to *Elysium* ! take my Life ;  
 y Breast I offer to thy Sacred Knife :  
 just a Grace refuse not, nor despise  
 willing, though a worthless Sacrifice.  
 others their frail and mortal State forgot,  
 ore thy Altars are not to be brought  
 without Constraint ; the noise of dying Rage,  
 eaps of the Slain of every Sex and Age,  
 e Blade all reeking in the Gore it shed,  
 ith sever'd Arms confus'dly spread,  
 e Rapid Flames of a perpetual Fire,  
 e Groans of Wretches ready to expire :  
 his Tragick Scene makes them in Terror live,  
 ill that is forc'd which they should freely give,  
 fielding unwillingly what Heaven will have,  
 heir Fears eclipse the Glory of their Grave.  
 and before thy Face they make undecent Moan,  
 and feel a hundred Deaths in fearing one ;

The flame becomes unhallow'd in their Breast,  
 And he a Murtherer, who was a Priest ;  
 His Hands profan'd in breaking Nature's Chain,  
 By which the Body does the Soul detain :  
 But against me thy strongest Forces call,  
 And on my Head let all the Tempest fall ;  
 No shrinking back shall any weakness shew,  
 And calmly I'll expect the fatal blow ;  
 My Limbs not trembling, in my mind no fear,  
 Plaints in my Mouth, nor in my Eyes a Tear.  
 Think not that time, our wonted sure relief,  
 That universal Cure for every grief,  
 Whose Aid so many Lovers oft have found,  
 With like success can ever heal my wound ;  
 Too weak's the Power of Nature, or of Art ;  
 Nothing but Death can ease a broken heart.  
 And that thou mayst behold my helpless state,  
 Learn the extreameſt rigor of my Fate.  
 Amidſt th' innumerable beauteous Train,  
*Paris* the Queen of Cities, does contain,  
 The faireſt Town, the largest, and the best,  
 So fair *Almeria* shin'd above the reſt.  
 From her bright Eyes to feel a hopeless flame,  
 Was of our Youth the moſt ambitious aim ;  
 Her Chains were marks of Honour to the brave,  
 She made a Prince whene'er ſhe made a Slave.  
 Love under whose Tyrannick power I groan,  
 Shew'd me this Beauty e'er 'twas fully blown ;  
 Her tim'rous charms, and her unpractis'd look,  
 Their firſt assurance from my Conquest took,

y wounding me, she learnt the fatal Art,  
And the first sigh she had, was from my heart ;  
My Eyes with Tears moist'ning her snowy Arms,  
Render'd the Tribute owing to her Charms :  
But as I soonest of all Mortals paid  
My Vows, and to her Beauty, Altars made ;  
So among all those Slaves that sigh'd in vain,  
She thought me only worthy of my Chain.  
Love's heavy Burthen, my Submissive Heart  
Endur'd not long, before she bore her part ;  
My violent flame melted her frozen Breast,  
And in soft Sighs her Pity she exprest ;  
Her gentle Voice allay'd my raging Pains,  
And her fair hands sustain'd me in my Chains ;  
Even Tears of Pity waited on my moan,  
And tender Looks were cast on me alone.

My hopes and dangers were less mine, than hers ;  
Those fill'd her Soul with Joys, and these with Fears :  
Our hearts united, had the same desires,  
And both alike, burn'd in impatient Fires.

Too faithful Memory ! I give thee Leave  
Thy wretched Master kindly to deceive ;  
Make me not once Possessor of her Charms ;  
Let me not find her languish in my Arms ;  
Past Joys are now my Fancies mournful Theams ;  
Make all my happy Nights appear but Dreams :  
Let not that Bliss before my Eyes be brought :  
Oh ! hide those Scenes from my tormenting Thought,  
And in their place, disdainful Beauty shew,  
If thou would'st not be cruel, make her so ;

And something to abate my deep Despair,  
 Oh, let her seem less Gentle, or less Fair.  
 But I in vain, flatter my wounded Mind,  
 Never was Nymph so lovely or so Kind :  
 No cold Repulses, my Desires supprest,  
 I seldom sigh'd but on *Almeria's* Breast ;  
 Of all the Passions which Mankind destroy,  
 I only felt Excess of Love and Joy :  
 Numberless Pleasures charm'd my Sense, and they  
 Were as my Love, without the least Allay.  
 As pure, alas, but not so sure to last,  
 For like a pleasing Dream, they all are past.  
 From Heav'n her Beauty like fierce Light'ning came,  
 Which breaks thro' Darkness with its glorious Flame :  
 A while it shines, a while our Sight it chears,  
 But soon the short-liv'd Comfort disappears ;  
 And Thunder follows, whose resistless Rage,  
 None can withstand, and nothing can asswage.  
 So oft the Light which those bright Flashes gave,  
 Serves only to conduct us to our Grave.

When I had just begun Loves's Joys to taste,  
 (Those full Rewards for Fears and Dangers past)  
 A Fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought  
 The richest Work that ever Nature wrought.  
 All Things below, alas, uncertain stand ;  
 The firmest Rocks are fix'd upon the Sand :  
 Under this Law both Kings and Kingdoms bend,  
 And no Beginning is without an End.

Sacrifice to Time, Fate dooms us all,  
And at the Tyrant's Feet we daily fall:  
Time, whose bold Hand alike does bring to Dust  
Mankind, and all those Powers in which they trust.

Her wasted Spirits now begin to faint,  
But Patience ties her Tongue from all Complaint;  
And in her Heart, as in a Fort, remains,  
But yields at last to her resistless Pains:  
Thus while the Fever, am'rous of his Prey,  
Through all her Veins makes his delightful Way;  
Or Fate's, like *Semile's*, the Flames destroy  
That Beauty they too eagerly enjoy.  
Her charming Face is in its Spring decay'd,  
Pale grow the Roses, and the Lillies fade;  
Her Skin has lost that Lustre which surpast  
The Sun's, and did deserve as long to last;  
Her Eyes, which us'd to pierce the firmest Hearts,  
Are now disarm'd of all their Flames and Darts;  
Those Stars now heavily and slowly move,  
And Sickness triumphs in the Throne of Love.  
The Fever every moment more prevails;  
Its Rage her Body feels, and Tongue bewails;  
She, whose Disdain so many Lovers prove,  
Sighs now for Torment, as they sigh for Love,  
And with loud Cries will rend the neighb'ring Air,  
Wounds my sad Heart, and wakens my Despair.  
Both Gods and Men I charge now with my Loss,  
And wild with Grief, my Thoughts each other cross;

My

My Heart and Tongue labour in both extremes,  
 That sends up flighted Prayers, while this blaspheme,  
 I ask their help, whose malice I defy,  
 And mingle Sacrilege with Piety :  
 But that which does yet more perplex my mind,  
 To love her truly, I must seem unkind :  
 So unconcern'd a Face my Sorrow wears,  
 I must restrain unruly floods of Tears.  
 My Eyes and Tongue put on dissembling forms,  
 I shew a calmness in the midst of Storms,  
 I seem to hope, when all my hopes are gone,  
 And almost dead, with Grief, discover none :  
 But who can long deceive a loving Eye,  
 Or with dry Eyes behold his Mistress die ;  
 When Passion had with all his Terrors brought  
 Th' approaching danger nearer to my thought,  
 Off on a sudden fell the forc'd disguise,  
 And shew'd a sighing heart in weeping Eyes,  
 My apprehensions now no more confin'd,  
 Expos'd my Sorrows, and betray'd my mind.  
 The fair afflicted, *Soon* perceive my Tears,  
 Explains my Sighs, and thence concludes my Fears ;  
 With sad Presages of her hopeless Case,  
 She reads her Fate in my dejected Face ;  
 Then, feels my torment, and neglects her own,  
 While I am sensible of hers alone ;  
 Each does the others burden kindly bear,  
 I fear her Death, and she bewails my Fear ;  
 Though we thus suffer under Fortune's Darts,  
 'Tis only those of Love which reach our hearts.

Mean-while the Fever mocks at all our Fears,  
 Grows by our Sighs, and rages at our Tears :  
 Those vain effects of our as vain desire,  
 Like Wind and Oyl increase the fatal fire.

*Almeria*, then, feeling the Destinies  
 About to shut her Lips, and close her Eyes,  
 Weeping, in mine fix'd her fair trembling hand,  
 And with these words, I scarce could understand ;  
 Her Passion in a dying Voice express'd  
 Half, and her Sighs alas, made out the rest.  
 Tis past ; this pang, Nature gives o'er the strife ;  
 Thou must thy Mistress lose, and I my Life ;  
 dye, but dying thine, the Fates may prove  
 Their Conquest over me, but not my Love ;  
 Thy Memory, my Glory, and my Pain,  
 In spight of death it self, shall still remain :  
 Ah ! Dear *Orontes*, my hard Fate denies  
 That hope is the last thing which in us dies :  
 From my griev'd Breast all those soft thoughts are fled,  
 And Love survives, although my hope is dead ;  
 yield my Life, but keep my Passion yet,  
 And can all thoughts but of *Orontes* quit ;  
 My flame increases as my strength decays,  
 Death, which puts out the Light, the heat does raise ;  
 That still remains, though I from hence remove,  
 I lose my Lover, but I keep my Love.  
*The Sigh*, which sent forth that last tender Word,  
 Up towards the Heaven's like a bright *Meteor* soar'd,

And

And the kind Nymph bereft of all her Charms,  
Fell cold and breathless in her Lover's Arms ;  
Which shews, since Death could deny him Relief,  
That 'tis in vain we hope to die with Grief.

*Goddess*, who now my Fate has understood,  
Spare but my Tears, and freely take my Blood ;  
Here let me end the Story of my Cares,  
My dismal Grief enough the rest declares.  
Judge thou by all this Misery display'd,  
Whether I ought not to implore thy Aid :  
Thus to survive, reproaches on me draws,  
And my sad Wishes have too just a Cause.

Come, then, my only Hope ; in every Place  
Thou visitest, Men tremble at thy Face,  
And fear thy Name ; once let thy fatal Hand  
Fall on a Swain, that does the Blow demand.  
Vouchsafe thy Dart : I need not one of those,  
With which thou dost unwilling Kings depose ;  
Thy weakest, my desir'd Release can bring,  
And free my Soul already on her Wing.  
But since all Prayers and Tears are vain, I'll try,  
If, spight of thee, 'tis possible to die.

A N  
**O D E**

In Memory of Her MAJESTY  
 Queen *MARY.*

## I.

**L**ONG our divided State  
 Hung in the Ballance of a doubtful Fate,  
 When one bright Nymph the gath'ring Clouds dis-  
 And all the Griefs of *Albion* heal'd. [pell'd  
 Her the united Land obey'd,  
 No more to Jealousies inclin'd,  
 Nor fearing Pow'r with so much Virtue join'd.  
 She knew her Task, and nicely understood  
 To what intentions Kings are made,  
 Not for their own, but for their Peoples good :  
 'Twas that prevailing Argument alone,  
 Determin'd Her to fill the vacant Throne.  
 And yet with Sadness she beheld  
 A Crown devolving on her Head,  
 (By the Excesses of a Prince misled)  
 When by her Koyal Birth compell'd

To

To what her God, and what her Country claim'd,  
 (Tho' by a Servile Faction blam'd)  
 How graceful were the Tears she shed !

## II.

When waiting only for a Wind,  
 Against our Isle the Pow'r of *France* was arm'd :  
 Here ruling Arts in all their Lustre shin'd,  
 The Winds themselves were by her Influence charm'd  
 Whilst her Authority and Care supply'd,  
 That Safety which the want of Troops deny'd.  
 Secure and undisturb'd the Scene  
 Of *Albion* seem'd, and like her Eyes, Serene :  
 Vain was th' Invader's Force, Revenge and Pride ;  
*Maria* Reign'd, and Heav'n was on our Side.  
 The Sceptre by her self unsought,  
 Gave double Proofs of her Heroick Mind ;  
 With Skill she sway'd it, and with Ease resign'd :  
 So the Dictator, from Retirement brought,  
 Repell'd the Danger that did *Rome* alarm,  
 And then return'd contented to his Farm.

## III.

Fatal to the Fair and Young,  
 Accurst Disease, how long  
 Have wretched Mothers mourn'd thy Rage,  
 Rob'd of the Hopes and Comfort of their Age ?  
 From the unhappy Lover's side,  
 How often hast thou torn the blooming Bride !  
 Now like a Tyrant rising by degrees  
 To worse Extreams, and blacker Villanies.

is'd in Ruin for some \* Ages past,  
you hast brought forth a gen'ral one at last !

Common Disasters, Sorrow raise,  
at Heav'n's severest Frowns amaze !

The QUEEN—a Word, a Sound,  
Nations once the Hope, and firm Support ;  
Health of the Needy, Guard of the Opprest,  
Joy of all, the wisest and the best ;  
Name that Echoes did rebound  
With loud Applause from Neigh'b'ring Shores,  
Their Admiration, the Delight of ours)  
comes unutterable now !

The Crowds in that defected Court  
Where languishing MARIA lay,  
Want Power to ask the News they came to know ;  
Lent, their drooping Heads they bow :  
Hence it self proclaims the approaching Woe.  
When He (MARIA's latest Care)  
Whom Winter-Seasons nor † contending Jove,  
or watchful Fleets, could from his glorious Purpose  
move,  
Trepid in the Storms of War,  
And in the midst of flying Deaths sedate,  
Now Trembles, now he sinks beneath the mighty  
Weight,  
The Hero to the Man gives way.

## IV.

Unhappy Isle, for half an Age a Prey  
To fiercee Diffention, or Despotick Sway.

*The small Pox is said to have Reign'd in England about 250 Years.  
Foul Weather.*

Re-

Redeem'd from Anarchy to be undone  
 By the mistaken Measures of the Throne ;  
 Thy Monarchs meditating dark Designs,  
 Or boldly throwing off the Masque,  
 (Fond of the Pow'r unequal to the Task)  
 Thy self without the least remaining Sings  
 Of ancient Virtue so deprav'd  
 As even they wish'd to be enslav'd :  
 What more than Humane Aid  
 Could raise thee from a State so low ;  
 Protect thee from thy self, thy greatest Foe ?  
 Something Celestial, sure a Heroine  
 Of matchless Form, and a majestick Mein ;  
 By all respected, fear'd, but more belov'd,  
 More than her Laws, her great Example mov'd :  
 The Bounds that in her God-like Mir'd,  
 Were to her Possions set, severely shin'd,  
 But that of doing Good was unconfin'd.  
 So Just, that absolute Command,  
 Destructive in another Hand ;  
 In hers had chang'd its Nature, had been useful made.  
 Oh ! had she longer staid !  
 Less swiftly to her Native Heav'n retir'd,  
 For her the Harps of *Albion* had been strung :  
 Th' Harmonious Nine could never have aspir'd  
 To a more lofty and immortal Song.

*F I N I S.*